

The Blue Glass Eye

It was a lovely sunny afternoon and he was having a quiet doze in the garden. He'd laboured hard that morning, emptying the half-load in the dishwasher, weeding both of the lettuces and had lunch. He'd even eyed up Iris, the Avon lady, but decided that her voluptuous mantelpiece would take too long for him to dust!

All that was left now was to help look after Billy till his mum came home from work.

Billy burst in the garden gate like a pregnant camel with its hump on fire. "Granddad, can I take your glass eye into school for 'Show and Tell'?"

Well! That boy had asked for some objects in his brief life but that takes the Garibaldi, Richard thought. His mind started to imagine biscuits again. "Perhaps when Nanny finally catches up with you she will put the kettle on." He said trying to distract him from his query.

Richard was reluctantly encouraged up the gang-plank of matrimony by his mother-in-law, Sergeant-Major Fog-Horn. She had a voice that didn't need an amplifier, and a moustache that any airman would've been proud of. However he'd loved Violet since the first day he'd clapped eye on her and they would have got married in time, but were hastened on by birth that was round the corner.

He proposed to his love with a poem.

A lovely young lady called Vi,
Caught my only good eye.
So we dated,
And we mated.
"So, said I, the knot shall we tie?"

She said, "Let's have a think then. Err, umm, Aye, I will that."

He was unemployed t the time, but with Fog-horn Lil as his aide, he elevated to 'Dodgy Dave's Car Sales' as a car washer. Then after pondering on the hand of cards life had dealt him, he came to a decision. If he couldn't win with the hand he had, then he'd CHEAT.

So that's how he ended up at 'Bodgit & Scarper', as a '**skilled**' window fitter. They nicknamed him 'Dead-eye Dick', which had little to do with his accuracy at installing windows. He often found a treasure or two that wouldn't be missed for a while to make his money up.

"Granddad, can I take it in, please. Miss said to take in our favourite blue thing, please?" Billy pleaded enthusiastically.

Granddad always tried to control his language in front of Billy, but today he was finding it even more difficult. Some words came out that shouldn't, but luckily Vi came in the gate and Billy run to her.

The next day walking to school with a great big smile on his face was Billy clutching his favourite blue thing. He'd won, again.

No, he didn't just have Granddad's 'Blue Glass Eye' in his hand. He had done even better this time. He had the whole of Granddad.

Nanny had always said that Granddad swears so much that he was the bluest man she had ever met.